

11-9

edit orials

The records of the Oakland University Bus for the weekend of November 13-16 may not make for as heavy a TV script as the log of the starship Enterprise. But the voyage was a memorable one for the great gold and white coach and everyone on board, and the travels of the flagship of the Oakland motor pool certainly enriched Oakland's growing and abiding tradition of making people wonder about us.

Imagine the surprise of a half dozen civilian employees standing on the steps of the Pentagon waiting for their rides home when, out of the tense darkness of the Northern Virginia night rolled the Oakland Bus. With a roar of its mighty six-cylinder gasoline engine, the bus pulled up to the floodlit front steps of the nation's military nerve center, its passengers flashing "V" signs in all directions. The doors opened, and out stepped a subversive looking radical who politely asked how to get to the northbound land of the George Washington Memorial Parkway. After a moment's consultation, the officials decided upon the fastest way out of the Pentagon parking lot, cordially gave directions, the Oakland Bus vanished into the night from whence it came, and the 82nd Airborne inside the building somewhere put their machine guns back on "safety".

Ten minutes later, imagine the surprise of the guards at the south gate of Fort Myer when they found their jeep confronted by a large gold and white vehicle the intentions of whose crew could not be immediately determined. As the lights of the jeep blazed on and the decks got cleared for action, the doors of the bus opened and out stepped a radical looking subversive who very politely asked how to get to Arlington Cemetery. Since it is really impossible to give directions in Northern Virginia, the sergeant at the gate gave some helpful suggestions as to where the cemetery might possibly be, and the bus soon presented no further threat to U.S. installations at Fort Myer.

In the following days, the Oakland Bus was reported seen in many unlikely places at many strange times. Many witnesses undoubtedly saw the bus climbing through the narrow streets of Fairway Hills, Maryland at 2 AM on the night of Thursday the 13th, but are afraid to say so, for fear of being thought superstitious.

In any case, imagine the surprise of residents of the little town of Thurmont Maryland, high in the hills near Catoctin Mountain, when down the main street on a sleepy Sunday afternoon came the Oakland Eagle. As the town-folk stared in apprehension, the phantom coach made unerringly for the American Legion Hall, where it made a careful and deliberate U-turn under the very muzzles of the twin cannon on the lawn, and then rolled majestically away into the hills again, pausing only briefly to pick up two stray outsiders who had wandered into town from Ben's Esso Station Truck Stop.

The bus was spotted at various times that day, going in various directions. At Breezewood, Pennsylvania, observers reported seeing the navigator suddenly throw five people out the emergency door (I'm really sorry about that, I didn't mean to be rude but it really did look as if the bus was either on fire or about to be, and there is a Pennsylvania state law that says you have to get off a bus while it is on fire.) Anyhow, imagine the surprise of everybody on board the Oakland University Bus when they got back to Oakland University alive at three AM Monday morning. Whether they realized or not that they were now part of the folklore of the Eastern United States, they were tired, sore, and pretty thoroughly pissed off about the Oakland University Bus.

THE OBSERVER

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Dear Allen Frink:

Regarding the classified as (Oakland Observer, Fri. Oct. 10)

Those of us "who do not feel at home in the structures of organized religion" will also not feel at home in a "regular series of opportunities for a spontaneous religious experience." By definition, "regular series" and "spontaneous" are in direct contradiction. Let's all tell it like it really is, Mr. Frink: Contrived Spontaneity.

Janean Raddatz
 8308



Every Friday at noon I meet my boyfriend for lunch at the Grill. At that hour, the difficulties in finding a seat are comparable to parking at nine or ten o'clock in the morning. Last Friday, the seventh, we entered the Grill on schedule. After getting our tray, I spied a table occupied by only one girl. Asking whether or not the table was taken, and being told that it was not, we began arranging our belongings. Two girls approached from another direction echoing our previous question, by this time the answer came from a threatening fourth party, one "man", declaring that the table was taken for "our private meeting". We were biting into the first French fry as the girls left. Bewilderingly excited from the lunch line, my girl friend and her out-of-town guest approached asking the foreboding question. Being told that the remaining four chairs were claimed, they scurried around and each brought over a chair.

Half finished with our hamburgers, the "private meeting" suddenly showed up--sat down in the remaining chairs and pulled up one or two more. Once seated, the leader indicated we were unwelcome by pulling the table right out from under our hamburgers to make room for his cohorts. Rather stunned, we finished our meals, remaining seated at least, holding on to our plates, in the middle of the floor.

Of course, I understand that some students are naturally selfish and domineering, but am I too optimistic in hoping that this childish behavior was not exhibited to assure me that I am white, and he, black??

Hari MCElyea
 17469

Highway 61 Revisited

People came from all over the country to be together in Washington. There were the middle-aged, and the aging army veterans against the war, but mostly there were young. And though the young, with their long hair, blue jeans, and army surplus clothing and luggage presented a strikingly different image from their elders, still our protest took its form and substance right from the heart of modern American life.

Like everything else in this country, the march on Washington lived and had its moment of glory (or whatever) on the roads and highways. Thursday and Friday the turnpikes leading east were filled with cars full of freaks streaming down to the governmental center of their nation--there were Volkswagens and VW buses everywhere, rented buses and fancy big cars--adorned with peace signs and packed well beyond the limits of normal middle-class motoring with hirsute, happy people. So they flowed like nerve impulses along the highways leading to the great gray brain of Washington--and to the White House where in resides that ultimate specter of grayness, Richard Noxin himself. (The one immediate and indisputable result of the march: it kept Noxin at home for the weekend, a way from the sunnier climates of California or Palm Beach.)

And all the way to Washington the Volkswagens had to share the roads with the huge trucks that crash ceaselessly through the night carrying important and unimportant things from one place to another--keeping up the all-important and endless shuffle of goods for the capitalist economy. The trucks carried things to all corners of the nation while we in our cars and busses brought nothing more than an idea to the center of the nation.



CANDLES

Thursday, November 13, 1969, 9:00 p.m.

It was cold. It was cold, and I was cold. The candles in their weaving line couldn't warm me: they stood for death. The fires stood for death. Small fires blown about by the wet night wind. Small fires; how long before they are one great fire?

And a name printed on a card. Spoken aloud; Alan Duke. How strange it seems. Who was he? Alan Duke. He is dead. Alan Duke hangs around my neck. What is he doing there? I didn't order his death, and though I gave four hours of my life on that night, I can't renew his life.

But America, has no neck, so he must hang on mine. The responsibility is somehow mine. I didn't know Alan Duke. But Friday morning, when the sun was shining and I wasn't marching, Don Chamblin passed by. I went to school with him.

I marched perhaps in memory of, perhaps as a symbol for, Alan Duke. I marched that there shall be no more. Four hours wasn't much time to give. But a lot of people gave four hours, and a lot gave more. A lot gave years. How much total time will have been wasted, if the whole thing has no effect? What is the loss, if nothing is achieved?

It took thirty-six hours for all these dead to pass. If there is another march in November, 1970, how many more hours will it take?

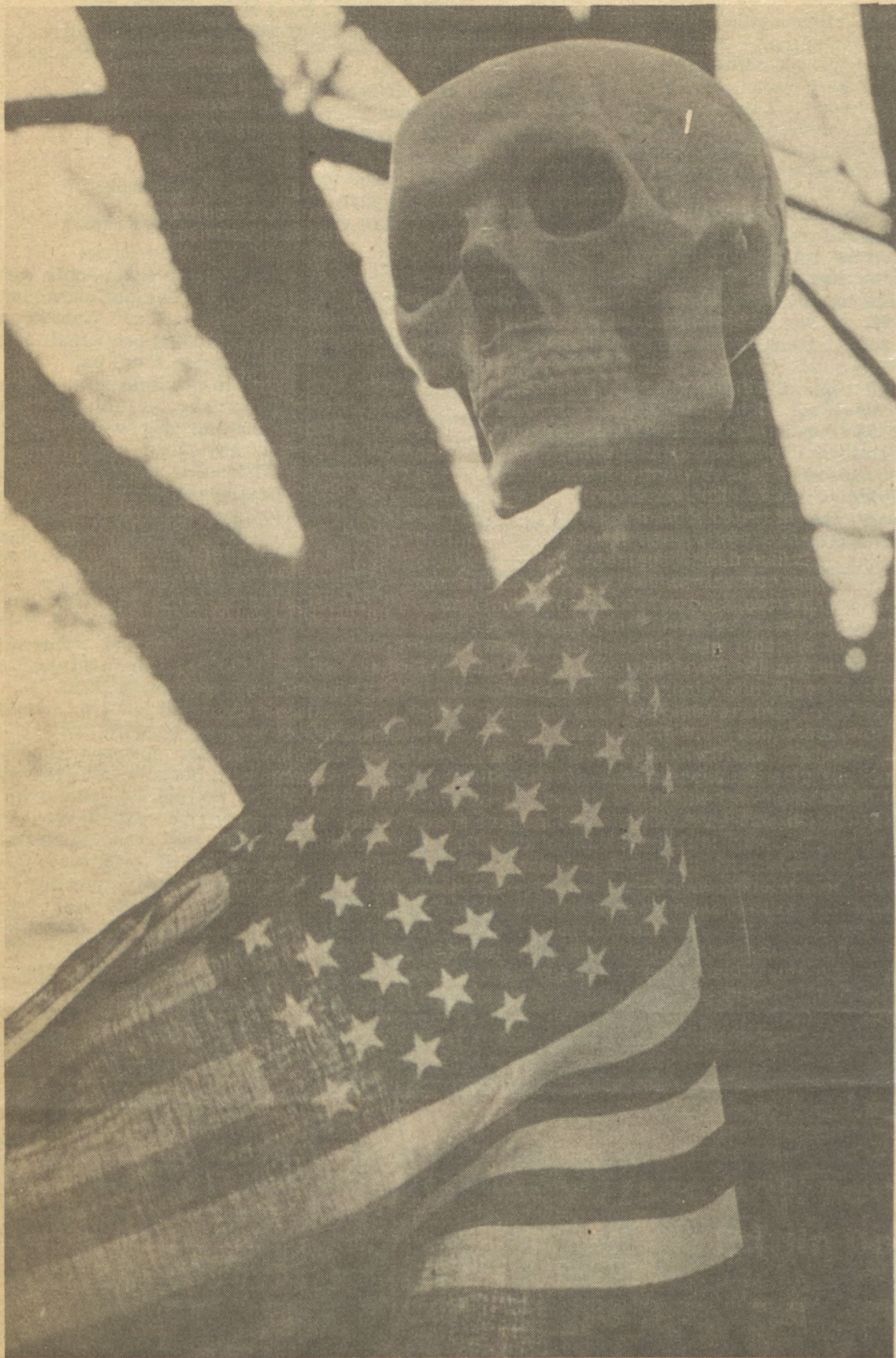
S. Weaver

MESSAGE TO THE

WHITE MAN

by HOWARD S. BELL

VICE-PRESIDENT FOR
OFF-CAMPUS AFFAIRS A.B.S.



Just to set you people straight, I'm not brown, yellow, red, or white--I'm black. Yes I'm an ex-slave; I've been that way all my life. I didn't come over here with Columbus, or with the dogs on the Mayflower. No, those were the so-called people who brought and sold me here--I and the rest of the beautiful black people now living in this hell. Black people today are fighting a systematic and deliberate type of institutional racism: systematic because all facets of life are covered, and deliberate because it is intentional. To be sure, black people are told that this society is based upon the principle of equality; they are also told that the U.S. constitution was created by and for the people. But I ask the questions, who is equal, and whom was the constitution created by and for?

It is my contention that black people in the United States are forced to occupy an alienated role--alienated from white America because they are not wanted, and alienated from themselves by means of the process that we commonly refer to as racism.

The slavery that black people experienced in North America was not only disastrous for the black man because it kept his body in bondage, it was insurmountable tragic in that it also rendered his mind incapacitated. So thorough was this undertaking, so immensely successful was it, that black people are still, even today, fighting to regain that lost consciousness.

The lilly white oppressor, while in the process of enslaving the black man, also dehumanized him, took away his culture, his customs, his leaders his character, and his pride!

Now if you're interested you may note that a change is taking place in the black colony today. A new feeling of pride in being black now prevails in that controversial colony. A new sense of the capability to determine one's own destiny can be felt in the minds and hearts of black people everywhere.

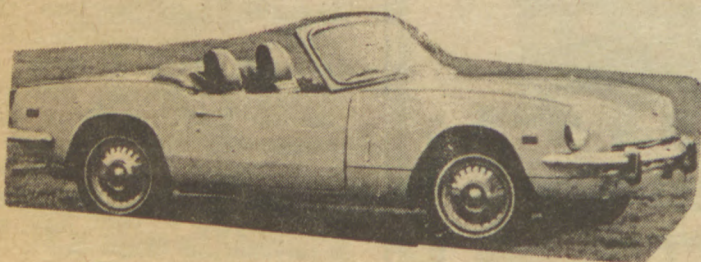
Now while this is taking place, that white dog who looks upon himself as the omnipotent administrator continues to use his facilities to perpetuate the present state of affairs. In fact, I contend this man has the urgent desire to give the black movement a great backward shove.

Oh, but there are those whites who look upon themselves as being "respectable"; they would never kill a black person, they would never throw a bomb into a black church. But these are the people who continue to support the racist institutions that prevail in this society. These are the people who hide behind a front of respectability, while at the same time hanging on to the idea that black people are and will always be at the bottom of the present power structure.

Let it be known that Oakland University is no haven for

CONTINUED ON PAGE 4

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Endorses Marijuana

The Young Adult Conference of the YWCA (Young Women's Christian Association) has endorsed legalization of marijuana and has called for using YWCA facilities for the dispensing of birth control aids to married and single women alike.

The YWCA members, all under 35 years of age, also endorsed in heated sessions: the repeal of all abortion laws, conjugal rights for prisoners of all sexes, the Black Manifesto and the Vietnam Moratorium.

Exploratories being scheduled

If you will not have completed the two semester Exploratory requirement by the end of the fall semester, please go to the Advising Office before December 15 to complete a Winter Exploratory Choice Form. Exploratory assignments will be processed by the Advising Office and assignments will be mailed during the Christmas vacation period.



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Say Hi to Ticket Takers

Reflections on Washington, D.C.

Judging from the vibrations in Washington, American youth has got something unbelievably good. Call it cohesiveness, call it awareness, unity, concern or whatever, it's still the same.

These people are together.

There were maybe 500 thousand there, (some estimate a million or more). When they came, people took them in, gave them places to stay, gave them a hand. Washington was really great.

The best of it was the kids themselves. The way National Mobe. had everything organized. The food, free if you needed it. Places to go. People to rap with-like the Marshalls, hundreds of them grinning; hey man, this

scene is fantastic. Really going beautifully.

And it was. The whole thing went off perfectly. What small violence there was, was on the edges. It can't be discounted, but it was not what we looked for. Like the guy who gave us a ride said, "remain non-violent, man."

But somewhere the screaming goes on.

Man, we've got what we need. If it did nothing else, D.C. showed the power we've got, just in the fact that we trust each other. That that many can get together for one reason, live side by side, form one unit. We've got it.

But what are we going to do with it?

There's enough of us. What the hell are we going to do now?

by Sue Lyn Weaver

MESSAGE

cont from page 3

whites: black people populate this campus and as long as we do we will fight a continuous battle to regain what was stolen from us.

I'm not talking now about identity or culture: I'm speaking of power, control, or any other word you can think of that means--black people being in charge of functions that involve them.

The recruitment of black students to this and other colleges is of critical importance to black students at O.U. And without a doubt we are the most influential group of people in this action: we want control of it.

We will take a voiceful position on any and all issues that concern us. We do this because it is the only way we feel we can create a learning experience for whites and at the same time facilitate the regaining of our own selfconsciousness. In other words, we don't trust you to make any more decisions for us. We don't want any token black faces in your administration--we desire people who have the power of action. We make these and other stands, and are no longer concerned whether you are knowledgeable of them or not. We, the Association of Black Students, no longer consider ourselves affiliated with the "white" Student Activities Board. We do not even consider ourselves as a campus organization--we are the sole governing body for black students on this campus.

The University has failed black people and has used the common, "respectable and concerned" approach when we ask why there is nothing being done. Some of your administrators even have the audacity to attempt to stop the progress we propose. These "concerned" individuals are people who lead you to believe that they care about the black situation in the community as well as on this campus. I argue that these persons are no different from the outspoken racists and bigots who reside in this hate-filled country. These are the covert racists, the ones who use excuses for inaction and "red tape" to keep black people oppressed on their scale of advancement.

Let it also be known that we're tired of waiting and playing it your way; we want action and we want it now.



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POEM

by Bryan t. McMahon

Silent figures

marching

Will their candles conquer the rain?

The young, the old

marching

Will the thunder ever stop?

Bodies

human, delicate, precious

Will the peace blood stay inside?

Will the rain return from lead to water?

Will the thunder ever come, not from guns

but a thousand bare feet

marching against death?

The naked figure kneels in prayer and whispers

yes - God yes

"the only emperor is
the emperor of ice cream"

(or Howard Johnson's I have known)

I will not attempt to reveal the political significance of the peace march, or give an overall picture of it. These things have been done, more or less, by the organized press. I am more interested in my preceptions as to what it felt like to be one of 400,000 people, all with the same aim, and most of them sharing a life style.

The excitement began on the Pennsylvania Turnpike, Friday, on the way in. Stopping at a Howard Johnsons for a bite, (there is nowhere else to stop on the turnpike), and discovering that everyone in there was going to Washington, from points such as Kalamazoo, and Denver. There was a carnival spirit in the air, as if it was to be another Woodstock. This spirit was slightly dampened with a member of our country's law enforcement agencies pulled over a late model car directly in front of us, full of freaks, that was not speeding or committing any other traffic offense. One of the problems with law and government is that once we put officials in power, we are at their mercy;

they are literally the law. With the kind of people in law enforcement positions today, anyone that can be easily spotted as someone who by convention disagrees with the ruling powers (ie, those who instruct and control the law enforcement officials) is at the mercy of them. This episode made me quite paranoid.

But I arrived in Washington safely, and immediately went to the National gallery, everyone else did also, setting an attendance record and eating all the food in the cafeteria. The sign of a room full of people, sitting on the floor before Dali's Last Supper, and nodding, must make Richard burp up his cottage cheese. More significantly, it shows the cultural rather than political nature of the march. The marchers wanted a new culture, and way of life. They were only slightly political. Though the purpose of the march was to express disagreement of American policy in Viet Nam, it was a march in favor of dope, love and music, as well. The people are political in a new non-organized sense. They are being oppressed by the government, and know better than to expect anything else. Contrary to Nixon's statement, we are not merely a loud minority. The events of the last weekend show that the loud minority

is the government, and the special interest groups.

But back to the restaurant. Saturday morning, after looking for a place to eat breakfast, unsuccessfully, we went to the fancy hotel where my cousins were staying, and tried to eat in the dining room there. The waiter was hip, and told my girlfriend to roll up her pants under her long coat, because slacks weren't allowed. When we were seated, he came over and said that the manager said we couldn't eat, but was afraid to tell us himself. I got up and said, "Don't worry, when we liberate this place we'll take care of him." Half the people in the dining room dropped their forks. It was almost worth not eating.

The most significant event of the weekend happened at the Breezewood Howard Johnsons, on Sunday. The Pennsylvania turnpike was filled totally with freaks on their way home. Some stopped along the road, and made a huge human peace sign on the side of a hill. But everyone stopped at Howard's, people met old friends. Someone asked for papers, and started rolling joints. Someone had a bull horn, and everyone started chanting. Howard was very upset. He didn't give us any ice cream.



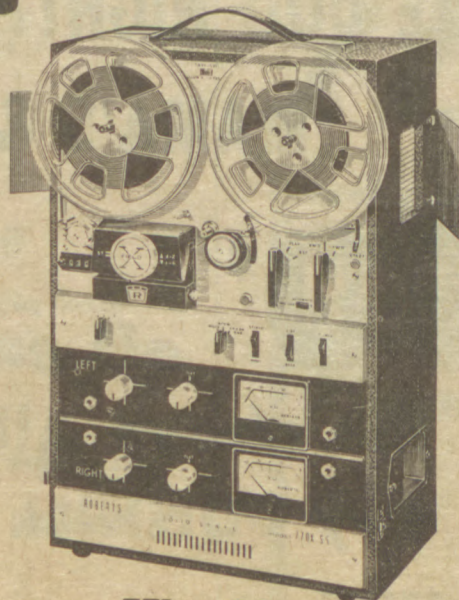
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Meadowbrook Theatre

The John Fernald Company of the Meadowbrook Theatre, has been invited to bring two of its 1969--70 productions to New York next spring by the American National Theatre and Academy.

The two plays, to be selected at a later date, will be performed consecutively at the ANTA Theatre from May 20 to June 6, 1970.

The John Fernald Company of the Meadowbrook Theatre is one of three regional, professional theatres in the country to be so honored by an invitation from the ANTA during the 1969--70 theatre season.

Artistic Director John Fernald, in accepting the invitation said: "The Meadowbrook Theatre has steadily grown in audience support and recognition in its short four-year history, but this opportunity offered by the American National Theater and Academy to perform on Broadway assures us of the national recognition we now feel we have earned. We are delighted to accept this invitation and look forward to our Broadway debut."

John Fernald, the distinguished English director, has more than 300 West End productions to his credit. He was also the former director of the famed Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. Mr. Fernald came to Oakland University in 1966 at the request of Chancellor D.B. Varner to establish the Meadowbrook Theatre which gave its first performance, of Bertolt Brecht's THE CAUCASIAN CHALK CIRCLE on January 7, 1967.

At the same time, Fernald organized the Academy of Dramatic Art at Oakland University. Patterened after the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, the Academy at Oakland offers a two-year course aimed to preparing young actors for professional stage careers. The Studio Company, composed of second-year Academy students, performs in the Meadowbrook Theatre one week a month, when the John Fernald Company is performing at the Detroit Institute of Arts Theatre. The Studio Company also tours south-eastern Michigan High Schools.

The Meadowbrook Theatre has created an enthusiastic audience without the aid of grants or foundation support. The success of its current season is reflected in a 300% increase in subscription sales with one-fourth of the playing schedule taking place at the Detroit Institute of Arts for the first time.

Thanksgiving Concert

The Oakland University Orchestra will make its first appearance of the season in a pre-Thanksgiving concert on the University campus. The Monday evening (November 24) concert is scheduled for 8 p.m. in Dodge Hall auditorium.

Admission to the concert is without charge. The program will conclude works by Haydn, Schubert, and Richard Strauss, as well as some very un-traditional concert-hall fare by Eric Satie, Charles Ives, and John Cage.

New conductor of the orchestra this year is David Daniels, who has come to the Oakland University faculty from Knox College in Galesburg, Illinois, where he was conductor of the Knox-Galesburg Symphony. Daniels has also served as conductor of the Central Illinois Youth Symphony, the University of Redlands (California) Symphony, and has guest-conducted the Quincy (Illinois) Symphony. He holds degrees from Oberlin College, Boston University, and the University of Iowa.

The most unusual piece on the program is John Cage's "Atlas Eclipticales," which is believed to be a Detroit-area premiere. This 1961 work utilizes elements of chance, or "indeterminacy," a procedure that cage has been experimenting with for many years, and which other modern composers have more recently adopted.

The Cage work is intended to be played on any combination of instruments, and can be made as long or as short as the performers desire. Each individual player is given certain notes to play and is directed to start playing them at a particular point in time. However, the performer may decide for himself in what order to play these notes, and how long to hold each note. He may, in fact, decide to omit some of the notes-- or even all of them! The conductor, in the meantime, channels the flow of time by making clock-like gestures with his arms.

Cage's intention in this and other works is that one should accept joyfully and without prejudice all the sounds and silences that one encounters in the concert hall or outside of it. To such a listener, all of life would become an endless concert. Cage is highly influenced by the philosophy of Zen Buddhism.

The rarely heard work by Erik Satie consists of three satirical pieces based on Rabelais. The Charles Ives word is "The Unanswered Question," in which three separate groups of instruments--one on stage, one backstage, and one in the audience--portray man's unceasing questioning against the ultimately inscrutable cosmos.

On more familiar concert-hall territory are "Serenade for Thirteen Winds" by Richard Strauss, "Overture in the Italian Style" by Franz Schubert, and "Symphony No. 87" by Haydn.



Contest

New-York--Harper's Magazine is announcing its Second Annual College Criticism Contest to encourage better critical writing on the campus. The contest is open to all literary forms of political, social or artistic criticism of national import which have appeared in any college publication between March 1, 1969 and February 27, 1970.

The magazine is offering three first prizes--\$500 for political criticism, \$500 for social criticism, and \$500 for film, theatre, music, art or literary criticism, with a matching prize of \$500 to the publication which carried each of the prize winning articles.

The entries will be judged by the Board of Editors of Harper's Magazine and the winners announced in June 1970.

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New Committee Formed

Several weeks ago the University Senate established a standing committee on Teaching and Learning. This action came in part from the recommendations of a group of teachers, meeting over the summer months, who concluded that too often teaching habits and practices are inadequate and that effective teaching, when it does occur, is too rarely reinforced by the university community. The Senate responded by charging a standing committee to:

"promote the teaching function and the learning process by sponsoring structured indentives for good teaching and by providing for a structured outlet for reflection on both the teaching and the learning processes..."

To this end several procedures are available; instructors and courses can be evaluated (cf. Oakland Undiapered); new teaching concepts and research finding can be made available through a newsletter; innovative teaching practices can be encouraged by offering experimental courses and by providing funds to support these efforts; seminars and forums can be held, where new teaching techniques and insights are described; outstanding teaching and teachers can be acknowledged and supported through public recognition.

These and many other actions are available as ways of fostering good-or at least thoughtful-teaching. A more immediate and critical task, however, is to arrive at some decision as to what, specifically, constitutes "good teaching" so that it can be fostered. Unfortunately (insofar as consensus is concerned) there seem to be as many different concepts of good teaching as there are people participating in the process. On the other hand, consensual validation is often the most viable of all ev-

aluative procedures. Most of us-students and teachers alike-do have fairly strong, clear-cut feelings about what makes good teaching, and this committee now asks for the expression of these feelings in order to better "promote the teaching function and learning process..." Particularly pertinent now are student reactions-observations and reflections-to the kind and quality of teaching on our campus. Student responses to this issue are, the committee feels, critical. Teachers will very likely make very pointed responses, very spontaneously. Students will likely respond more cautiously, if at all. Yet without student response teachers may well, once again, find themselves teaching primarily for their own benefit.

In sum, the Teaching and Learning Committee herewith calls for student comment regarding teaching as it occurs (or perhaps doesn't) at Oakland. Thoughtful reactions-specific or general-are particularly urged. These reactions may be addressed to, and will be received in confidence by, any member of the committee, at the same time it should be understood that specific criticisms or complaints directed against specific instructors or courses will not be useful to this committee. Reactions may be made either in person or in writing. In either case, cogence is encouraged.

The members of the Committee are: Melvin Chernob (History, New College, III VH), Timothy Gerling (Student Representative, 169 HH), LeRoy Pritchard (Student Representative, 169 HH), Edward Rice (Psychological Services, 134 NFH), Ralph Schillace (Psychology, 258 HH), Robert E. Simmons, Ch. (Modern Languages and Literatures, 418 WH), Robert Sterne (Chemistry, 345 HH), William Sturmer (Provost's Office, 101 NFH).

Students Finally Protected

Goddard College (Plainfield Vermont) has decided officially to prevent the law, or the government from reaching into its files to get information on students. The Goddard Community Council, governing body of the liberal arts college, has approved a resolution that prohibits the release of information on students unless they give their permission.

The action is the result of a recent effort by agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation to obtain information about three students. The students were arrested several weeks ago during a demonstration in Chicago protesting the trial of the eight persons charged with conspiring to incite a riot during the week of the Democratic National Convention last year. Two of the students are still enrolled at the experimental college, but the third has dropped out, college officials said. They declined, as might be expected, to reveal the names of the students.

Approved by the Goddard Community Council was a resolution reading:

"The council should adopt a statement or policy on academic freedom and the law, reaffirming the guideline

that the community regards its official records and internal affairs as confidential matters not to be disclosed to persons or agencies outside the community without the expressed permission of the community member involved."

FBI officials have refused to comment on the nature of their inquiry at the college.

The resolution also directs the president of the college to establish technical custody of all official college records and specifies that the "president have the authority to offer legal and financial assistance to any community member who is threatened with legal action by reason of his compliance with the council's policy on these matters."

The college has also been directed by the council to establish a plan that would vest in the students the ownership of all student records, with the provision that the records be entrusted to college officials on conditions specified by the students.

SUNSHINE

"Little Mary Sunshine" opened last weekend in the Barn Theater with the sparkle and wit that promises entertainment for the University audiences. The Musical is a subtle satire whose purpose may be lost in the melodrama of the plot.

Rick Besayan, the playwright, has used an approach to satire that produces strange but wonderful results. Satire can be written with malice or with the genuine affection of an intimate comrade. Besayan uses the second approach.

The play is a spoof on the pre-World War I Era of Victorianism, chauvinism and melodrama. Besayan draws from these and from the operetta styles of Strauss and Gilbert and Sullivan to produce music and lyrics are simply and convey "pure" emotions.

The plot follows the same formula. There is the chorus of young ladies from an Eastern finishing school and a chorus of forest rangers who are naturally matched by the end of the play. There are Indians, good and bad, to create dramatic action. As Besayan says in the Prologue, "Justice always triumphed."

The key to the play is simplicity. If you are willing to submit to simply entertainment and a delicate love relationship between author and subject, "Little Mary Sunshine" should not be missed. The reward is delightful entertainment.

Chris Schoof is Mary Sunshine and plays the virginal heroine with convincing sincerity. Steve Mac as Big Jim portrays the captain of the forest rangers in true old-fashioned style, with manly strength combined with gentle tenderness.

Bill Jester (Jeff Kulick) as the fumbling corporal and Nancy Twinkle (Connie Ojile) as his fickle woman have some exceptionally good scenes together. Especially the Indian chase scene which also employs a strobe light.

Special mention should be made of Mark Bennett for his performance as Chief Brown Bear. Not only does he give life to his role, but he does some occasional adlibbing on the side which usually is very funny.

All in all, "Little Mary Sunshine" taken on any level, face value or American satire, is a musical to be seen.

SOUL '69

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featuring

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PHENOMENA

on campus

November 21--UNIVERSITY FILM SERIES--8 and 10 p.m., "The Great Race", 201 DH. S.E.T. PRODUCTION--8:30 p.m., "Little Mary Sunshine", Barn Theatre.

November 22--UNIVERSITY FILM SERIES--8 p.m., "The Great Race", 201 DH. S.E.T. PRODUCTION--8:30 p.m., "Little Mary Sunshine", Barn Theatre. OAKLAND SINGERS CONCERT--8:30 p.m., DH.

November 23--UNIVERSITY FILM SERIES--8 p.m., "The Great Race", 201 DH.

November 25--BASKETBALL-GOLD/WHITE INTRA-SQUAD--7p.m.

hockey

Oakland University will receive a real treat this semester. A group of stout-hearted lads have reorganized the old intra-mural hockey club into a moving extra-mural club. The tentative schedule will include possible games with Hillsdale, Albion, Toledo, U of D, and other independent college clubs. The first face-off will be December 5 at 9:00 p.m. in Detroit's mecca of hockey, the Olympia.

Practice has already begun and things don't look too bad for O.U.C.H. (Oakland University Club Hockey.) Their first year of organization may prove to be pretty good. When the final schedule has been decided on, it will be published. Let's give our men some sport and go see a real spectator sport.

exhibit

Five galleries of photographs of Detroit's Central City, by J. Edward Bailey III, are now on display at the Detroit Institute of Arts. The compassionate, sometimes angry depictions of life in the core of the nation's fifth largest city portray the general ferment of urban areas throughout the country. Nearly 200 enlargements, some in color and six feet high, comprise the exhibition, the first one-man show of work by a Negro ever held in the museum, North wing. Free.

theatre

One of Moliere's comedy masterpieces, "The Bourgeois Gentleman," has now opened at the Hilberry Theatre. "The Bourgeois Gentleman" is the best known of Moliere's Court plays, commissioned by Louis XIV to be performed at the palace, and later done with great success in the theatre for the Paris public. The play is a comic portrait of a retired middle-class shopkeeper who has absurd pretensions to gentility.

"The Bourgeois Gentleman" continues weekly in the Hilberry repertory, with additional November performances on Friday, November 21 at 2:30 and 8:30, at a special Thanksgiving performance November 27 at 8:30, and the following Saturday, November 29, also at 8:30.

The play joins Arthur Miller's "After the Fall" and Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar" in the repertory.

For further information about tickets and schedules call the Theatre Box Office at 577-2972. Tickets are also available at Hudson's.

sports

1256 Dwarfs were on campus yesterday to select "Miss Snow White" of Oakland. However, seeing that all the eligible girls were swimming in Beer Lake at the time of the contest, not one of the candidates was chosen.

SUPPORT SHORTS -- Jockey makes 'em.

SPORT OF THE WEEK--Card playing.

clubs

Appearing at the Grande Riviera this Friday and Saturday: Johnny Winter, Santanna, and the Nice. Admission is \$5. For further information call 834-9348 or 834-4904.

Little Richard is at the Birmingham Palladium this Friday. Admission is \$4. For further information, call 642-0910.

You can look for Terry Reid, Jagged Edge, and the Sunday Funnies at Silverbell this Saturday. Admission is \$3.50. For further information call 642-0910.

classified

Is your G.A.S. company showing?

67 Norton Scrambler, ex. condition, call after 5 p.m., 874-4684.

1968 Fiat for sale. Very good condition. Call 693-6403.

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Joe Buck makes appointments at 3297.

College students interested in a part time job with a good income and future call collect 1-216-477-0265 or 1-517-531-4681.

Is your G.A.S. company showing?

The Observer is now holding a regular series of Frisbee matches in the Observer Office. All Frisbee freaks welcome.



lecture

The Inquistics department began a series of four lectures last year with a talk by Mr. Hildum of the psychology dept, entitled "From Word Stream to System." Combining a thorough knowledge of the new trends in linguistics with psychological observation on child language learning, he gave an informal, interesting, and informative address. The remaining lectures should prove comparable. The next talk is scheduled for sometime in February and will be given by Mr. Scheidler on "Man, Machine Language, and Meta-Language." The last two scheduled speakers are Mr. Capolla and Mr. Johnson.

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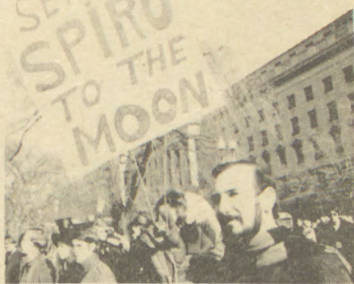
DRAFT
RESISTERS



Campbell



SEND
SPIRO
TO THE
MOON



Gotkin



it was all there

commitment of the young to living

& to joy

commitment of the old to order/safety

that living even if soured might continue

the old w/their institutions

their buildings

the young w/their bodies their faces

kept alive the young now insisting on life



Colin Campbell



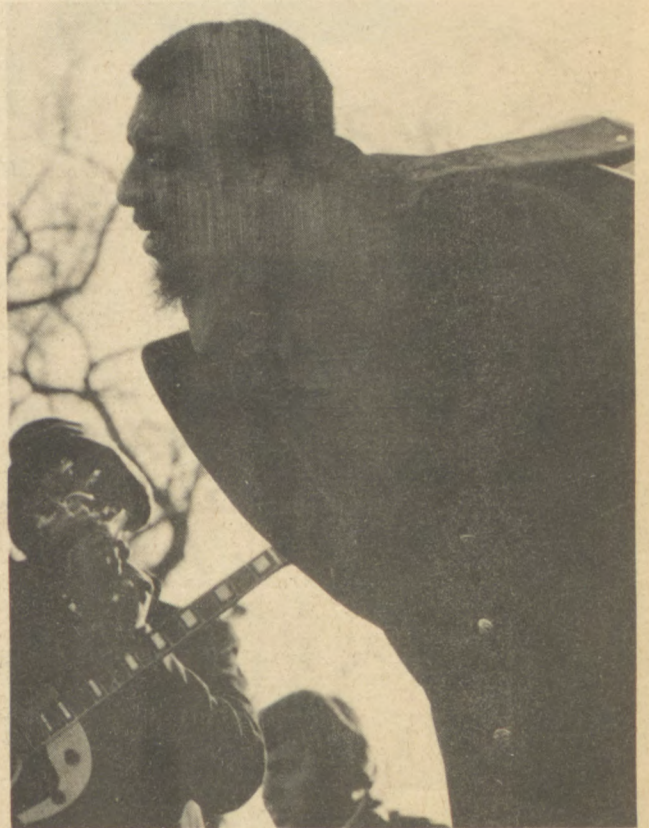
David
Bernstein

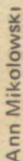


David
Bernstein



Alan Gotkin





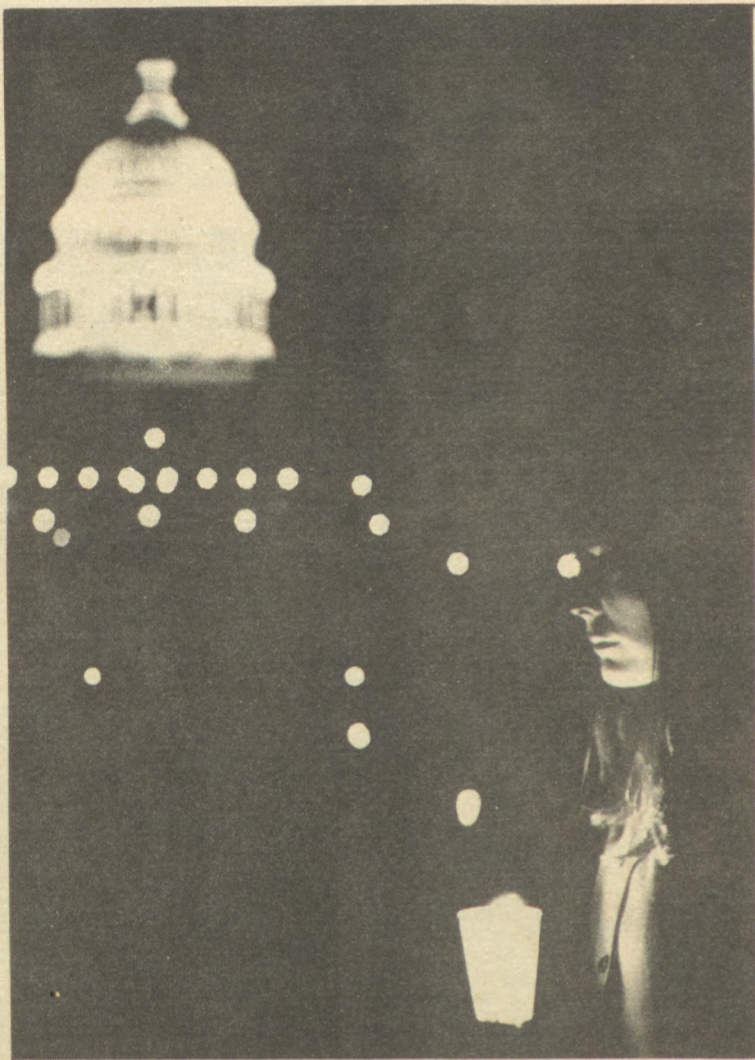
young/not young found each other too those who had or were breaking the
habit asses & hair free in the wind & a riding yes for every face that danced itself



Colin



悟



Gotkin



Campbell



for once different comings
could happen different spaces

willing to hurt some body
you joined some thousands of
bodies at Dupont Circle or
Justice or wherever and did
that olden thing

wanting to grin/touch/dance
some one you joined some
100's of 1000's of ones on
grass near water around sound

if you weren't sure or had
to see you yoyoed

sooner or later you'd seen
&were sure

if only by noticing what
you'd got into the center of
what you lurked the edges of



Colin Campbell



Alan Gotkin



Ken Hamblin

悟

finally for me it was just faces glowed by candle along the nightwind of the
march against death or by sun while raised to spin song "all we are saying is
give peace a chance" into prayer/mantra or shiny w/rain while shouting one name
of one dead man or village at a now isolate pompous & sterile house all greywhite in a
puddle of football talk forbidden streets & guards w/guns glowfaces faces
letting the light in understanding about light &about rain &about other
faces maybe not always maybe not often but just here & just
now so that everywhere was quiet wonder at how beautiful every
each one was

the other here&there faces
watching deploying marching to battle jawtight cheektight
flateyed they were too bad some kind of freak mistake mutation
wanted to ease them warm them somehow someway let them sleep
they were SAFE couldn't see it eyesflat noway
 &that was it you looked at faces
counted kin celebrated fear or joy yours

this time this
place more joy than fear more flesh than mask & it glowed very clear that
this thing we are doing evo/revolution dance/seeding is way too
serious to leave to the joyless the solemnserious the hooded men
the power junkies young or old

Christ dances Shiva some birth soon

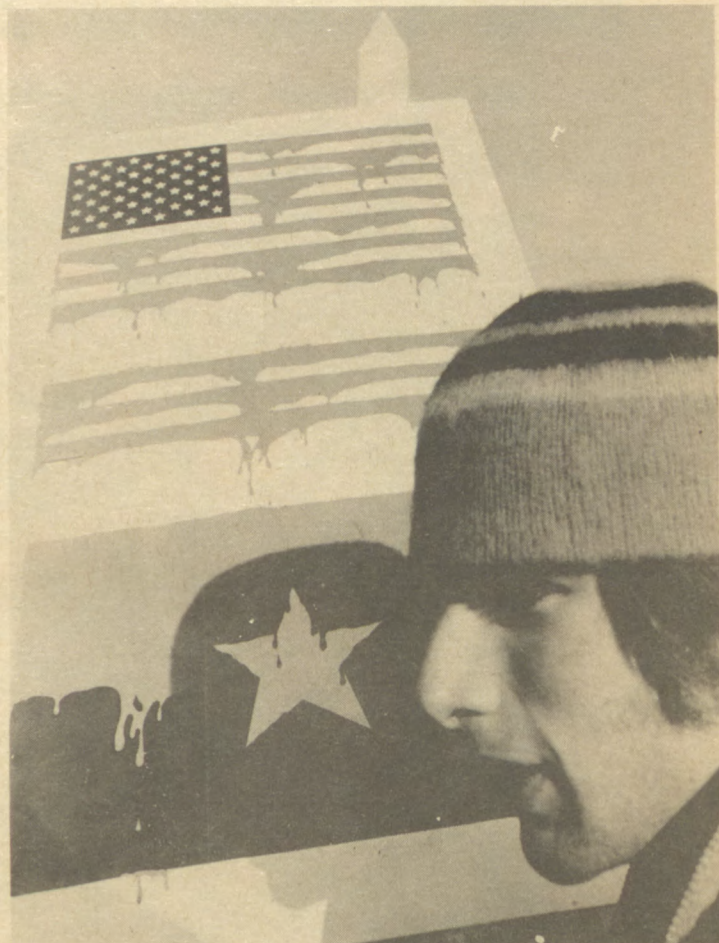
Campbell



detroit



rochester



d.c.

chicago



d.c.



the brotherhood

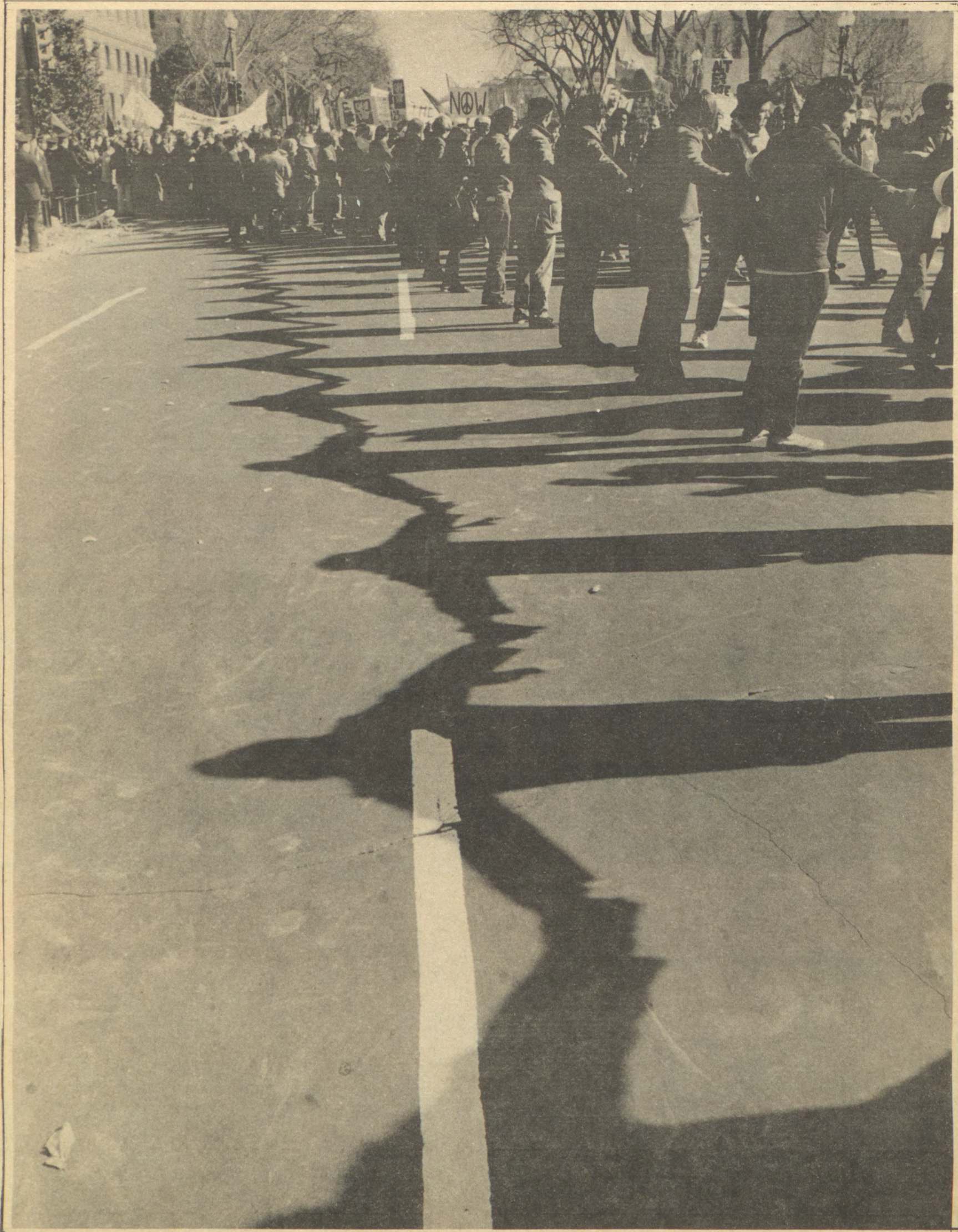
they move simply
with that simple
human grace gods
seek always to
emulate
that they may be
recognized &
honored

the gods are of the dance
join
the dance precisely
here
where these feet walk
these voices speak

the caverns mountains
streams dark grottoes
birds deer tigers
whales folded in
the voices
the voices folded in
to minutes hours
agonies & joys

it becomes necessary to speak
of brother & of sister
& necessary
to speak with arms &
fingertips
& eyes wide wide eyes

悟



Colin Campbell

Words ~ Thomas Fitzsimmons Design ~ Colin Campbell
 Photographs ~ Colin Campbell · David Bernstein · Allan Gotkin · Ken Hamblin
 Letters, etc. ~ Ann Mikolowski